THE DAILY BANNER TIMES

VOL. IV. PRICE THREE CENTS GREENCASTLE, INDIANA, TUESDAY, APRIL 27, 1897. TEN CENTS PER WEEK. NO. 164

H. S. RENICK & CO.

WILL SELL YOU

Anything in the HARDWARE LINE including Stoves and Tinware at as low Prices for Spot Cash as any Store in the County.

Don't forget the Place.

East Side Square.

Much in Little

Is especially true of Hood's Pills, for no medicine ever contained so great curative power in so small space. They are a whole medicine chest, always ready, always efficient, always satisfactory; prevent a cold or fever, cure all liver ills, sick headache, jaundice, constipation, etc. 25c. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Pills

DAILY BANNER TIMES

M. J. BECKETT.....Publisher
HARRY M. SMITH.....Managing Editor

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One Year in advance	$5.00
Six months	2.50
Three months	1.25
One month	.50
Per week by Carrier	.10

When delivery is made by carrier, all subscription accounts are to be paid to them as they call and receipt for same.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

We publish, and are glad to get the same, when they are news, free brief notices of deaths, births and marriages, but we charge for extended obituaries, lodge and society resolutions and cards of thanks and will publish none such unless payment or satisfactory arrangement therefor is made in advance.

Published every afternoon except Sunday at the BANNER TIMES office, corner Vine and Franklin streets,

Changes for display advertisements must be handed in by 10 o'clock a. m. each day. Reading advertisements will be received each day up to 1 o'clock p. m,

Where delivery is irregular please report same promptly at publication office.

Specimen copies mailed free on application.

ADVERTISING RATES:

DISPLAY.

Per inch, first insertion	25cts.
" " each subsequent insertion	5cts.
" " per month	$1.00

Guaranteed position charged 25 per cent to 100 per cent extra. Position not guaranteed for advertisements of less than five inches No discount for time or space; five per cent allowed when payment accompanies order.

READING NOTICES

Brevier type, per line, 5 c. One line paragraphs charged as occupying two lines space. The following rates will be allowed only when cash accompanies order.

25 lines	4	cents per line
50 "	3½	" " "
100 "	3	" " "
250 "	2½	" " "
500 "	2	" " "

Address all communications to THE DAILY BANNER TIMES, Greencastle, Ind.

Telephones:

COUNTING ROOM.....62
EDITORIAL ROOM.....95

GEN. GRANT was born April 27, 1822.

NEW YORK is doing itself proud today in the dedication of Gen. Grant's tomb, which is the finest mausoleum in America.

AN Illinois legislator has proposed an amendment to the libel law in that state, making it illegal for any newspaper to unduly eulogize any person or persons, thus misleading the public by creating reputation upon no foundation of merit. An exception is made with respect to obituary notices. The exception is unfortunate. Historians as well as newspapers should be included under the ban of such a law.

IT is expected that President McKinley will shortly modify the civil service rules. He has had an extended conference with the Civil Service commission. Secretary Wilson stated before the Senate subcommittee, which is investigating the workings of the civil service law and rules, that the present rules hampered him in selecting efficient scientific subordinates, and in a written communication, Secretary Gage expressed the opinion that a modification of the rules would be beneficial to his department.

THE workingman will not object to paying fifty cents more for his suit of clothes if his wages are increased fifty times as much a month. The duty upon the quantity of wool going into a suit of clothes might add this sum temporarily, but its cost to the man who is given employment instead of idleness, to those whose wages or hours of labor are increased, and to those whose farm products are given a market, a temporary addition to the cost of clothing will not be unwelcome in view of the general improved conditions which accompany.

THE *Arena* magazine which all last campaign claimed it was opposed to anything that had a tendency toward oppression and was for the poor man, is now in the role of fighting organized labor. The following trade note from Boston says: "Among the newspapers and magazines under boycott by the Typographical Union and American Federation of Labor are the *Arena*, *Pilot* and *Republic* of this city.

THE wool situation may be briefly summarized as follows: It is estimated that 448,986,523 pounds were carried over from 1896, and that the American clip for 1897 will equal that of last year—272,474,708 pound. If we estimate the imports for the current six months, from January to July, on the basis of last year's imports for the same period—79,888,007 pounds of wool, 8,505,574 pounds of shoddy, etc., the total supply for 1897 will foot up 809, 854,812 pounds. The estimated consumption for 1897 is 463,000,000 pounds, leaving a surplus to be carried over into 1898 of 346,854,812 pounds. These are very conservative estimates.

Everybody Says So.

Cascarets Candy Cathartic, the most wonderful medical discovery of the age, pleasant and refreshing to the taste, act gently and positively on kidneys, liver and bowels; cleansing the entire system, dispel colds, cure headache, fever, habitual constipation and biliousness. Please buy and try a box of C. C. C. to-day; 10, 25, 50 cents. Sold and guaranteed to cure by all druggists.

Taxation.

The subject of county taxes has been one of interest the past few weeks and a taxpayer from Warren township writes this paper as follows:

Just why there should be heavier taxes in Putnam county each year is one of the things democracy refuses to plain. Compare your court house receipts with former ones.

The above from the BANNER TIMES of April 23 has been answered for a number of our taxpayers by Treasurer Hughes with the statement that the township levy has been raised. The county treasurer is supposed to know what he is talking about, but one of our taxpayers of an inquiring mind decided to investigate the township end of the treasurer's statement and learned that the levy to be paid in money had not been raised. The road levy to be worked out has been raised but that has nothing to do with the amount paid to the treasurer. There was an additional or special road levy of 5c on the $100 to be paid in money but that was taken from another fund, so the amount of tax paid in money has not been increased by the township levy.

Treasurer Hughes will learn that he can fool some of the people but he can't fool all the people. We advise him to select something that will "bear washing."

April 26, '97. TAXPAYER.

The Weather.

The indications for this vicinity for the coming thirty-six hours are as follows as received by L. S. Renick & Co. from the official weather bureau at Chicago.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 27.

Fair and warmer tonight and Wednesday.

COX.

The following local observations as taken daily by Guy Wilson who is in charge of the official weather instruments located on the roof of the West College building:

Maximum temperature yesterday	64.0
Minimum " "	50.0
Temperature today, 7 a m,	57.0
" noon	73.0
Rain fall, melted snow (inches)	.02

The noon temperature is taken daily by the BANNER TIMES.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c. 108tD

Wright's Celery Tea regulates the liver and kidneys, cures constipation and sick headache. 25c at all druggists.

Circuit Court.

State vs Christian Crodian, selling on premises, three cases nolli d; same vs same, selling on Christmas, fine $10 and costs.

The probate and civil dockets were given their first call with the following results:

Partnership of Standard Bred Horse Co., settlement, stricken off docket.

Samuel Gardner estate; stricken off docket.

John Piercy estate, to sell personal property; off docket.

Alvah C. Douglas vs L. N. A. & C. Ry. Co., damages; dismissed.

H. H. Brothers vs Daniel Kelley et al, foreclosure; report filed, stricken from docket.

Wm. Filkner vs Knightsville; certified to Clay county.

F. W. Gee vs A. A. Gee, title; for plaintiff.

Thomas C. Day vs Letitia M. McCoy, note; dismissed.

Henry H. Brothers vs J. M. Loyd et al, note; dismissed.

H. H. Brothers vs R. Loyd, two cases, note; dismissed.

John Brothers et al vs James M. Brothers et al, report; sale reported.

Mrs. S. T. Rorer,

Principal Philadelphia Cooking School and Cookery Editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, writes: "I am convinced Cleveland's is the purest baking powder made, and I have adopted it exclusively in my cooking schools and for daily household use."

National League Games.

Cincinnati 6, Cleveland 3.
Brooklyn 4, Baltimore 3.
Chicago 9, St. Louis 2.
Philadelphia 8, Boston 8.
Louisville 3, Pittsburg 3.
New York 3, Washington 3.

WESTERN LEAGUE.

Indianapolis 8, Detroit 1.
Columbus 11, Grand Rapids 10.
Kansas City 3, Minneapolis 1.
Milwaukee 12, St. Paul 5.

Cascarets stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or gripe. 10c.

An Active Minister.

The Evansville *Courier* of April 26 says: Dr. E. W. Fisk, of Greencastle, who has probably served actively in the Presbyterian ministry as long or longer than any other minister in the state, occupied the pulpit of the First Avenue Presbyterian church yesterday and last night. Both services, considering the unfavorable weather, were attended by large and delighted audiences. Last night Dr. Fisk preached from John vi:28, 29 and his remarks were delivered with that earnestness, vigor, and eloquence for which he is so well known. Dr. Fisk will leave this morning for Greencastle and will return the last of the week to preach again next Sunday.

The Best Way to Cure

Disease is to establish health. Pure, rich blood means good health. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the One True Blood Purifier. It tones up the whole system, gives appetite and strength and causes weakness, nervousness and pain to disappear. No other medicine has such a record of wonderful cures as Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pill; assist digestion, prevent constipation. 25c.

Henry for Collector.

Terre Haute Express.

Judge D. W. Henry received the following telegram last evening:

New York, April 26.

D. W. Henry:

I have recommended to the president your appointment as revenue collector at Terre Haute.

C. W. FAIRBANKS.

To a reporter for the *Express* Judge Henry stated that he knew nothing as to the origin of the stories to the effect that Judge Jump would be immediately removed from the collectorship.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c. 208tD.

DePauw University.

This Column Records the Best News in College Circles.

On Monday evening the Shadrick L. Bowman Lyceum society met in Florence hall with a large attendance of members and visitors. After introductory exercises the program which was in the nature of a contest by six members of the society was given. These spoke extemporaneously on subjects chosen by lot at 4 p. m., that day. Rev. Bean's subject was "Books, their use and abuse"; Rev. Templin, "The preacher's place in politics"; Rev. Riviers, "The effect of intercollegiate contests"; Rev. Botkins, "Resolved that the United States should recognize the independence of Cuba"; Rev. Larimer, "The most dangerous tendencies of our civilization"; Rev. Lapp, "Resolved that there should be a constitutional amendment for universal suffrage." Prof. Priest served as judge and critic and awarded the first prize to Rev. Lapp; 2nd to Rev. Templin, which was an envelop containing money. The session was greatly enjoyed.

A scant audience greeted the players yesterday. The students have not yet come to appreciate the fact that if we are to have a winning team the encouragement of their support is necessary. The days are pleasant, it is true, and spring cases many, but regardless of these facts it seems strange that so few are interested in the athletics of the season. We believe our men are somewhat discouraged. Greet them with a large crowd, fill the grand stand, show them that they will and do receive the support of the college, and better, livelier, more enthusiastic ball will be played. Saturday's game is not far distant and between now and then the team must be made to feel that every man of the university is with them. We have heard the management criticised, but, after investigation, have discovered that these who criticise so severely are the very ones who have never yet been seen upon McKeen field. The management cannot be taken to task; it has done its best, assumed all responsibility and feels keenly, as does the team, the lack of student support. If Saturday's game is again lost to the Statesmen, we have no just grounds for objecting unless we turn out in full to lend encouragement to the men in practice games.

Conklin yesterday, for refusing to take the position Capt. Haskell assigned him, and for a general listless and don't-care attitude has been asked to return his suit and to resign.

The base ball enthusiasts met in Plato hall today to make arrangements for Saturday's game.

Y. W. C. A. meets this afternoon in Plato; Y. M. C. A. tonight.

The Glee club is requested to meet in Music hall Wednesday night at eight o'clock.

O. H. Hays who has been visiting Phi Gam brothers, returned to his home in Indianapolis today.

Prof. Cook yesterday took his botany classes to the woods.

Sodalitas Latina met last night at the Phi Psi house. Papers were read by Misses Denny and Wiley and Miss Severinghaus rendered a piano solo. Refreshments were served later in the parlors.

A. E. Martin, of North Manchester, who has been visiting Messrs. Maple and Helm, returned yesterday to his home.

Yesterday, being the last Monday of the month, the Kappas observed their afternoon "at home.' Mrs. Byrd, Mrs. Mahan, Mrs. Campbell and Mrs. Laramoor, visiting their daughters, were the guests of honor. Thd young ladies all appeared in organdy and the rooms were tastefully decorated with spring flowers.

Miss Bates who has been ill for several days is able to resume her work in college.

Tonight in music hall a concert will be given. Comic songs and recitations are upon the program and under the title of celebrities N. G. Rogers, J. D.Howe and P. J. Gilbert will appear. The bills announce a "good, easy time" and from the present arrangement of the program this certainly will be the order of the evening. Every one is invited, the admission being only ten cents.

Cottage Prayer Meetings.

The various committees, having in charge the cottage prayer meetings, met at the home of Elder and Mrs. A. H. Morris yesterday afternoon at four o'clock and by unanimous vote, decided to continue the work until the close of the college year. The meetings are to be held on each Wednesday evening at 6:30, and are not to extend beyond 20 or 30 minutes. The Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A. will furnish leaders for these meetings when requested to do so. No changes were made in the districts, but the committees will make a precanvass tomorrow to secure places for holding the meetings tomorrow evening. On each Wednesday evening the place of next meeting is to be designated and the leader to be selected.

When bilious or costive, eat a Cascaret, candy cathartic, cure guaranteed 10c, 25c.

The End in Sight.

LONDON, April 26—A despatch from Tyrnavo says it is rumored there that Crown Prince Constantine has fled to Volo. As this rumor comes from Turkish sources, it should be accepted with reserve.

CANEA, April 26—The French cruiser Tronde and the Italian war ship Sardenega have hurriedly sailed from Cretan waters for the gulf of Salonica.

SALONICA, April 26—Osman Pasha has left for Elassona to take command of the Turkish army.

ATHENS, April 26—It is stated Admiral Stamatellos will be appointed to the chief command of the eastern squadron.

LONDON, April 27.—The correspondent of the *Times* at Volo, in a dispatch dated Saturday, says the general impression there is that the campaign is ended and that the center of interest has been transferred from the seat of war to the diplomatic chancelleries of Europe.

Real Estate Transfers.

James E Garner to Harvey S. Gardner land in Monroe tp., $25.

John F. Sullivan, Admr., to James T. Brock land in Bainbridge $65.

Eliza McGaughey to Charles T. Webster, land in Russell tp., $4500.

Mathew Irie to Patrick Conlin, land in Floyd tp., $200.

James Gillespie has returned to Terre Haute.

Wall Paper, Wall Paper,

5c Per Bolt.

A good fresh variety at the above prices. Our stock is superb.

GARDEN SEEDS FREE.

No person should go hungry. We have a lot of seeds left over from last year, will give free gratis no more than three pkgs to each person.

Our fresh seeds in bulk and pkg. are unrivalled. Headquarters for white lead, paints, oils, etc., at best prices.

Respectfully,

Piercy & Co.

EXTRA - SPECIAL VALUES

IN

TROUSERS

Made to your measure from $3.00 to $5.00. Genuine Scotch Trousering at $4.00.

Please Call And See Them.

A. G. LESTER.

NO. 6 EAST WASHINGTON STREET.

Boating Resort

Five miles south-east of Cloverdale, at Mill-Grove Ind. we have some of the finest boats the market affords, both double and single, with splendid cushion seats. We also have a—

Fine Launch

propelled by latest improved vapor engine, with seating capacity for from 12 to 16 people. This boat is hard to excel. We have other amusements on the grounds, also Refreshments and Cigars.

Free Camping Grounds Good Shade Plenty of Seats And A Splendid ... Spring of Water ...

We are always on the grounds and will be pleased to wait on you.

PICNICS

Every = Saturday

Come and see us and you will find our ad. to be too short.

BALAY BROTHERS.

National Educational Ass'n Convention.

The Big Four Route will name special low rates to the teachers and their friends for the annual meeting to be held at Milwaukee. These occasions are always looked forward to as among the most pleasurable trips which can be made during the summer. The superior line of the Big Four route between Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Dayton, Springfield, Columbus and intermediate points to Chicago, will afford the best facilities. Full information concerning this trip will be cheerfully furnished on application to any agent of the Big Four Route.

W. L. TORR,

Of Oakland, Ind., Recommends Wright's Celery Capsules.

OAKLAND, Ind., Dec. 22, 1896.
THE WRIGHT MEDICAL CO, Columbus, Ohio.

DEAR SIRS:—I have purchased a box of Wright's Celery Capsules from Albert Allen, druggist, and used them for Constipation, Indigestion and Stomach trouble and have been greatly benefited by their use. They have done me more good than any remedies I have ever used for these troubles and are all that is claimed for them.

Yours truly, W. L. TORR.

Sold by all Druggists price 50c. and $1.00 per box. Call at drug store for free sample.

Excursion to Cincinnati.

The Vandalia will run a special excursion train to Cincinnati on Sunday, May 2, leaving Greencastle at 2:30 a. m., arriving at Cincinnati at 7:20 a. m. Tickets for the round trip $2.50 good to return until Monday night. Parlor cars will be attached to the train, seats in the same being 50 cents additional.

"Trilby panels" reduced from $1.25 to $1.00 per doz. at Cammack's. tf

The BANNER TIMES telephone news number is 95. Remember it when you have an item. We want the news.

Tennessee Centennial.

The great southern exposition has created great interest throughout the country and applications are being made as to the best route to reach this great southern city. The "Big Four" has the best line from the east with through train service to Cincinnati from New York, Boston, Buffalo, Cleveland and Columbus; from Detroit, Toledo and Sandusky to Cincinnati; and from Chicago and Benton Harbor to Cincinnati and Louisville. Direct connections are made with the Q. & C. Route and the L. & N. Ry. Full information will be cheerfully given upon application.

The BANNER TIMES For Envelopes.

Our

Cook Book

of seventy pages, full of choice receipts, covering the whole subject from Soup to Dessert, will be

Mailed Free

to any lady sending stamp and address to

CLEVELAND BAKING POWDER CO., 81 & 83 FULTON ST., NEW YORK.

Please mention this paper.

WORTH WHILE.

'Tis easy enough to be pleasant,
When life flows along like a song;
But the man worth while is the one who will smile
When everything goes dead wrong;
For the test of the heart is trouble,
And it always comes with the years,
And the smile that is worth the praise of earth
Is the smile that comes through tears.

It is easy enough to be prudent,
When nothing tempts you to stray;
When without or within no voice of sin
Is luring your soul away;
But it's only a negative virtue
Until it is tried by fire,
And the life that is worth the honor of earth
Is the one that resists desire.

By the cynic, the sad, the fallen,
Who had no strength for the strife,
The world's highway is cumbered to-day;
They make up the item of life.
But the virtue that conquers passion,
And the sorrow that hides in a smile—
It is these that are worth the homage of earth,
For we find them but once in a while.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

MY FIRST PATIENT.

BY MARC BOYEN.

I HAD been a week in my new apartment. A week—a short time—and yet it seemed in the retrospect like an endless succession of days, each one of which contained the dreams and hopes of an entire lifetime. For a whole week the white porcelain sign of a practicing physician had shone in splendor at the street entrance and upstairs on the glass door of my neat little flat.

For a whole week my small reception room, with its dark curtains and its straight-backed chairs, had waited for patients to avail themselves of the advice and help of "Dr. Max Erhardt."

It really did not surprise me at all that my office was empty for a few days, because, as I told myself, consolingly, the neighborhood must become familiar with the fact that it had good medical advice right here in its midst. After I had sent away my first patient completely cured, things would assuredly be different. Then—after my growing reputation had been announced to the neighborhood, or better still, to the whole city by a crowd of patients in office hours, as well as by a neat little coupe, which a dignified coachman would drive through the principal streets—then, yes, then— And so I came to the dream which occupied me most. I fancied myself again with my cousin Mary, who certainly would fit the role of a doctor's wife most delightfully.

I was in love with my little golden-haired cousin. As a boy I had shown her all those little knightly attentions which are possible from the stronger playfellow in the house and on the playground. As a junior I had dedicated to her my first poem, and as a senior I had nearly ruined my unformed baritone voice by continually singing about the "flaxen-haired maiden." When I came home, after passing my first examination, the young medical student became sure that the "flaxen-haired maiden" returned his love with all her heart; yet not a word was spoken.

My university course was finished. Whenever I was working unusually hard or fighting successfully the tiresome battle of a final examination, in spite of my preoccupation, my dear Mary's eyes were constantly in my thoughts and seemed to be taking the liveliest interest in the results of my efforts. When my little cousin, greeting my home-coming, whispered softly, "Doctor Erhardt," I looked deep into her dear eyes and whispered, just as softly, "Mrs. Doctor Erhardt." Then I saw a bright blush pass over her face, as she drew quickly back into the window niche.

In the following days I had opportunity to talk with Mary about all the air castles which a young physician in his empty office has abundant time to build; but I did not venture yet to discuss my dream of the future doctor's wife. There lay at times in my sweetheart's blue eyes an expression which drove the words back even when they were trembling on my lips. Not that I doubted in the least that Mary's heart belonged unconditionally to me; no, it seemed rather as if a lack of confidence in my professional ability lay in her glance, and my pride induced me to keep silent, until a report of my first independent case should call forth Mary's full approbation and unlimited confidence in my chosen vocation.

I sat in my consulting room buried in such thoughts as these on the afternoon of this dull November day. I had barely heard the timid ring with which some one begged admittance. I rose to open the door in place of the little page whom I had sent on an errand. During the few steps that I had to take, I confess that I was overwhelmed by a flood of the wildest fancies. Here was a caller who needed my help. Of course, it was an aristocratic patient, with ringing praise, and fame, and—ah, there I was again, thinking of the doctor's wife.

I opened the door. A poorly-clad woman stood before me in the dim light of the late fall day. A pair of great dark eyes looked beseechingly at me from a face thin and streaked with coal dirt.

"Doctor," she said, in a trembling voice; "oh, Doctor, be merciful, I beg you! My little Mary is so sick."

That name atoned, to some extent, for the disappointment which the woman's poverty-stricken appearance had caused, for it did not harmonize with my recent dreams.

"Who are you? Who sends you to me?" I asked.

"No one sends me," replied the woman, softly and rapidly. "Oh, Doctor, do come! Ever since morning I've been carrying coal from the wagon to the next house. I live over opposite in the court. My child has been sick since yesterday, and I found her so much worse when I hurried home for a minute just now."

I hesitated somewhat, the disappointment was so great. The woman wiped with her grimy hand a face that already showed the traces of tears. She sobbed painfully.

"I suppose I ought to call in the charity doctor; but your servant is a son of the cobbler in our court, and he has told all the neighbors that you were so kind-hearted. Oh, help my little girl!"

"Well, of course, the woman must be helped. I was human, and surely knew what was due to humanity. So I went with her, after first taking out, with an importance that surprised and half-shamed me, most of the necessary instruments of a physician.

Across the street to a great court lying behind a long row of houses, up five flights, each darker and steeper than the last, through an ill-fitting door into a little chamber with a sloping ceiling and one tiny window, and there on a poor but neat bed, with feverish limbs, and wandering, unconscious eyes, lay a child about fourteen months old. The woman knelt down by the bed.

"She doesn't know me any more," she moaned.

The child coughed hoarsely. That was croup of the worst kind. I tore a leaf from my blank-book and wrote my first real prescription.

"Go to the nearest apothecary's," I said.

She looked at me with some embarrassment. "Can't I take it to King street?" she asked.

"No, indeed," I cried. "Why do you not wish to go to the apothecary in this street?"

The women reddened visibly in spite of the coal dirt. "I think," she stammered, "at the Eagle Pharmacy, in King street, they may know me. I carry coal there, and perhaps they will—I have no money." A large tear fell onto the paper in her hand.

"Oh, these people who can't pay for doctor or medicine either!" I said, impatiently, to myself. I took out some money and said aloud: "There, take that and hurry!"

The woman pressed her lips on the little one's hand, and then, before I could stop her, on mine, and hastened away.

I looked around the room for a seat. A poor chair, a rough box, an old table, some cheap kitchen utensils on the low, cold stove, which took the place of a range; in one corner, hanging on the wall, a threadbare woolen dress, and near it a child's gown and a little hat trimmed with a blue ribbon; on the narrow shelf near the tiny window a curled myrtle plant, a scarlet geranium, and a hymn book with bright gilt edges; that was all that the room contained.

I brought up the chair and sat down near the little sick girl. She was evidently well nourished; her little limbs were plump and shapely, the golden hair soft and curly. She breathed painfully, but she was not conscious; and her blue eyes stared straight before her, as if she were looking into a distant, unknown country. It was cold in the room. I went to the stove, but found only a few chips—too few to build a fire. So I sat down and waited for the woman and the medicine.

Again and again my glance wandered about the poverty-stricken room. A poor, hard-working woman who carried coal on the street, while her child lay sick and suffering; and yet she certainly loved her little one tenderly. Suddenly a thought shot through my mind that I should not be able to save the child; that perhaps I had not been decided enough to take on my own responsibility the extreme and energetic measures which would have wrested the little sufferer from death. My heart grew hot as I hurried to the door and listened for the mother's footsteps.

There she was at last. To my reproachful look she only answered, humbly: "There were so many people in the store. Folks like me must stand back."

An hour of torture passed. The medicine did no good; little Mary could not swallow it. Neither did it avail when, with trembling heart, but a steady hand, I used the knife on the slender, helpless throat. The little golden-haired girl died—died before my eyes on the lap of her stricken mother.

The woman looked up as if startled when a tear fell on to her hand, for she had not wept. "You are crying, Doctor? Oh you must not do that. You will have to stand by so many sick beds where God sends no relief." She looked earnestly at the little body. "I loved her so. I did everything for her that I could, being so poor. When I came home from my dirty work I always found her so pretty, so loving. For hours she would lie on the bed or sit on the floor and play with almost nothing, and then she would laugh for joy when I came home. God has taken her; He loved her better than I—but oh, how lonely it will be for me!"

I pressed the poor woman's hand; I could not speak, but I laid some money on the table and went out softly. Once at home, I laid my case of instruments away, and sat down overwhelmed. I could eat no supper; I went to bed and hoped to sleep, but the picture of a dismal attic room, of a dead child, and a humble, devout woman would not let me rest, any more than the torturing recollection of my own part in that scene.

Early the next morning an old college friend came to see me as he was passing through the city. He dragged me through the crowded streets, to the museums, to all sorts of restaurants, and complained of my lack of spirits. I pleaded a headache, and so escaped going to see a popular play at the theater. Tired and exhausted, I went at last alone to my room. As I passed a florist's brilliantly ligthed windows, I stepped in and bought a costly white camellia and some fragrant violets.

I climbed the five flights to the home of the poor woman. I found the attic room unlocked. It was dimly lighted; a small coffin stood in the middle of the bare room, and the child lay there in a white shroud. The ribbon from the hat on the wall had been worked over into two little bows; a myrtle wreath rested on the fair hair, and the geranium blossoms were scattered over the body. On the table near by was a lamp, and the open hymn book was beside it.

I laid the beautiful white blossom in the stiff little hand and fastened a bunch of violets on the breast of the silent sleeper; then I looked at the open book. "I joy to depart"—the old hymn that I had learned at school and half forgotten:

"To my dear ones who grieve,
Do not mourn for me now;
This last message I leave,
To God's will you must bow."

I laid the book away with a sigh. The words of the old hymn, the solemn stillness, the peaceful little child oppressed me. I went home, after inquiring about the hour of the burial.

I retired early. I was weary, and all my unrest had gone. As if called forth by a power higher than my own, the words of an earnest prayer came to my lips, of the prayer that God would bless me in my hard profession, and would change my haughty self-confidence into a humble trust in His protection, wherever my small knowledge and my faithful efforts would not avail, when I must stand, as on the day before, helpless to aid.

In the early morning I awaited the little coffin at the door of the house. A man bore it before him, and the mother followed in her poor black gown. She pressed my hand with a grateful look, when she saw that I had joined the little procession. The way was not long, the streets were almost empty, and the air was unusually mild for November. When the iron gate of the cemetery opened, the weeping woman bowed her head still lower. A young clergyman stood beside the grave. "I have undertaken, as far as I am able, to pronounce a last blessing over all the sleepers of my congregation," he said, softly, as he met my surprised look.

That evening I went to see my relatives. I did not find the parents at home. Only Cousin Mary was there to receive me. We sat by the window where the moonlight fell on us, and then I told her of my first patient, and what I had learned from it. Mary said nothing in answer to my confession; but suddenly I felt her arms thrown around my neck. She looked at me with wet eyes. "Don't you see, Max?" she said, "now you know yourself what was lacking in your preparation for work; but, thank God, it has come to you with your first patient. Now I believe that you will make a good physician who will bring help, even where his own skill does not work a cure." I kissed my dear one. "And now, what do you think?" I asked. "Have you the courage to become the wife of such a doctor?" She smiled through her happy tears. And so at last we were betrothed.

As it happened, the very next day, I was called to a child that was suffering intensely with croup, and was so happy as to be able to save it. Since then God has shown much favor to the sick and miserable through my efforts, and my work has grown ever dearer to me.

But the mother of my first patient moved into my house to be my housekeeper until my sweetheart became the doctor's wife. Even after the wedding, she remained as cook, until she decided later to make still another change, and came to nurse our little first-born daughter, Mary. She wept over our baby for joy, and in thankful remembrance of the little golden-haired girl who had found a happy home for her mother and had made a doctor worthy of his high profession.
—Translated for the Independent.

Stout Hearts, These.

The heart is not always the delicate organ it is generally believed to be. Dr. William Turner records in the British Medical Journal a few cases which point to the fact that wounds of the heart are seldom, if ever, immediately fatal. A child two years old was brought to him with a sewing needle driven into its heart, and the needle was extracted without evident harm resulting to the heart of the child. Another case described is that of a soldier in whose heart a bullet was found imbedded six years after he had been wounded, he having died from quite another cause. Several instances are also given of persons living for months and years after their hearts had been terribly lacerated. Indeed, neither gunshot injuries nor penetrating wounds bring the heart at once to a standstill; so that this part of the animal organism is apparently not its most vital structure.

An Eagle as an Alarm Clock.

Mr. W. Le C. Beard, in St. Nicholas, tells of a tame eagle he had as a pet in Arizona. Mr. Beard says:

The half-breed in whose charge he had been left told us he was far better than an alarm clock, for no one could sleep through the cries with which he greeted the rising sun and his notion of breakfast time; and while an alarm would ring for only half a minute, Moses was wound up to go all day, or until he got something to eat. But his guardian treated him kindly, and Moses grew and thrived, soon putting on a handsome suit of brown and gray feathers, which he was very proud of, and spent most of his spare time in preening.

AT OLD MONTPELIER.

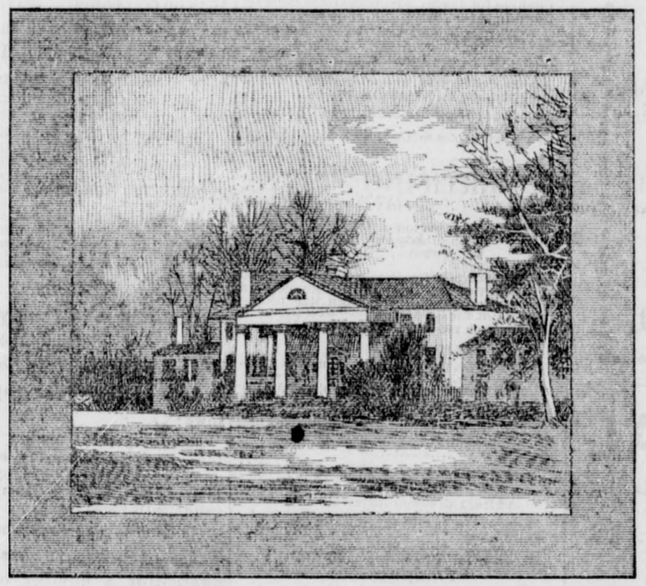
BEAUTIFUL HOME OF PRESIDENT MADISON.

Where His Body Now Rests—The Spacious Lawns and Fine Trees That Surround the House—Madison's Experience with His Overseer.

(Special Letter.)

MRS MADISON AT 22.

THERE is one spot in the United States from which can be seen the homes of four of its presidents. That spot is in Orange county, Virginia, where, standing on the summit of a little hill, one has within range of vision Montebello, the birthplace of Zachary Taylor; Ash Lawn, the early home of Monroe; James Madison's stately Montpelier, and Monticello, the well-known home of Thomas Jefferson. The two latter are twenty miles or more apart, but Madison and Jefferson were considered neighbors at that time, when a few miles more or less made no difference, and a morning call lasted all day long. The two men were always warm friends and political associates, and there was much visiting between their homes. Nowadays the name of Monticello is almost as familiar as that of Jefferson himself, but the home of Madison does not seem to be so well known. Montpelier stands on a slight eminence about four miles from Orange Court House, facing the long line of the Blue Ridge Mountains in the distance. The broad pediment portico, upheld by stately Doric columns, has on both sides the long wings of the house which give it the appearance, as it were, of "holding out open arms to welcome the coming guest." One of these wings, with the gardens and offices attached to it, was devoted exclusively to the use of old Mrs. Madison, the president's mother, who lived to a great age. Here she led a quiet life, near to her children, but apart from the gay throng with which the house was often filled. The front door has acquired a quaint, old-time look from the high, pointed cornice over it. Inside the house is large and commodious, furnished plainly, but richly, and everything is arranged with a view to comfort, rather than ornament. But the especial beauty of Montpelier is its magnificent trees, many of them hoary with age, which shut the old house in with a sort of protecting tenderness from the outside world. To the right is an avenue of spruce pines, planted under the personal supervision of Madison, and not far away a grove of ancient walnut trees, under whose shade a solemn quiet reigns, and the grass is always green. Near the house is a majestic oak, which is so large that a horse placed on one side of it cannot be seen from the other. This has been critically tested by many people, among them President Hayes when he visited Montpelier, accompanied by his Cabinet, in 1878.



MONTPELIER, HOME OF PRESIDENT MADISON.

At one end of the avenue of pines to which we referred above, is an ice house, dug in the ground according to the Virginia fashion. Over it is a dainty little Doric temple, in which Madison often spent long summer mornings, reading or conversing with his friends. One of the traditions which the good folk of the neighborhood delight in telling is about this ice house, which was the first ever heard of in that section. The negroes could not believe their ears when ordered to fill it with ice early in the winter, and the overseer, himself filled with doubt, straightway attempted to dissuade his master from so useless an undertaking. Madison was greatly amazed at this and laughingly promised the man an iced mint julep on the next Fourth of July, in exchange for his largest turkey the following Christmas. To this the overseer willing agreed, deeming his turkey perfectly safe. On the "Glorious Fourth" just enough ice remained in the straw to fill the compact, and Madison told the story with great glee to his friends while carving a fine, large turkey for his Christmas dinner.

During the summer months the inmates of Montpelier spent most of their time on the spacious lawn in front of the house, and often had dinner served under a large, vine-covered arbor. In one of Mrs. Madison's letters, written on a hot July day fifty-seven years ago, she says: "Yesterday we had ninety people to dine with us, at one table, fixed under the arbor. Only a half dozen of them stayed all night, but I am less worried about a hundred guests here than twenty-five in Washington, in summer especially. I truly believe a country home is the happiest and most independent in all the world."

About a quarter of a mile from the house is the family burying ground, which is so surrounded by trees that many of the gravestones have been thrown out of line by their spreading roots. In this spot lie the remains of the fourth president of the United States, under a handsome granite shaft, on which is cut in large black letters the one word, "Madison," and the dates of his birth and death. This monument was erected by private subscription, mostly in his own county. Many years afterwards his wife's remains were removed from Washington and placed here by his side.

Over Montpelier, like the fragrance of an old-time flower, lingers the memory of Mrs. Madison. "Sweet Dolly Madison" she was called then, and it is as "Sweet Dolly Madison" that she has gone down to history.

Madison, when member of Congress from Virginia, met in Philadelphia Mistress Todd, a dashing widow of a brilliancy and beauty seldom equaled. Oh, these widows! They betwitched us then as they bewilder us now! Perhaps even a little more, for in reading the history of those early days one cannot but be struck with the number of widows one comes across. They held right royal sway and were undisputed belles. What became of the girls until they themselves became widows it is difficult to discover. In sooth, they seem modestly to have held back, while their widowed sisters reaped noble triumphs on the field of conquest. Of the first four presidents three—Washington, Jefferson and Madison—married widows, and many others among the prominent men of that day followed the prevailing fashion. Madison's marriage to the sprightly Widow Todd took place in 1794 at Harewood, her sister's home in West Virginia. This sister had married George Steptoe Washington, nephew to George Washington. It has fallen to the lot of few women to go through as varied a career as that of Mrs. Madison. She was brought up according to the strictest rule of the Quaker church in Philadelphia, and little Dolly Payne, tripping to school in her demure Quaker bonnet and quiet drab gown, was as different from dashing Dolly Madison as if they had been two persons instead of one and the same. But the demure Quaker bonnet could not conceal the beauty and fascination beneath it, and she soon had admirers galore. She married one of these, John Todd by name, a member of the Society of Friends and a rising young lawyer, and until his death about three years later, lived the life of a sober Quaker matron. After mourning him

MRS. JAMES MADISON.
In Old Age.

for some time she threw off her quiet garb and bloomed out one of the most bewitching belles of her city until she left it to go to Montpelier, as the bride of James Madison. Here she remained until Madison became Secretary of State under Jefferson, and she left her quiet country home for the gay life at the capital. Traveling then, was not what it is now; steamboats were few, railroads unheard of, and a journey must needs be taken on horseback or in a coach. Mrs. Madison carried much of her household furniture with her and commanded frequent stops on the way to rest her weary horses, so the length of time it took to make the trip seems almost incredible to us of to-day.

WISE WORDS.

The sin of a moment may blight the whole life.

To give and grudge, is no better than not to give at all.

The prompting motive of all cheerful giving must be love.

Where there is no self-culture, there is no knowledge of true life.

Some preachers forget that sheep do not stand on their hind legs to eat.

Showing our best side to others, will cause them to show their best side to us.

The only giving that is real giving, is giving that is done according to our ability.

The sun gives light to the world, and yet a comet will often attract the most attraction.

There are people who claim to be praying for the poor, who never do anything else for them.

When the preaching is aimed straight at the face of sin, how quick the hypocrite begins to dodge.

It will probably be some time before the people who blow trumpets solely to advertise themselves, are all dead.

We often pray for faith to remove mountains, when what we need is light to see that they should remain right where they are.

The real owner of a thing is the one who gets the most good out of it, not the one who may have the name of being its possessor.—Ram's Horn.

Silkworms of Lebanon.

Harry Fenn, the artist, has written a paper entitled "Silk and Cedars," for St. Nicholas, describing his visit to the famous mountains of Lebanon. Concerning the silk industry, which plays such an important part in the lives of the natives, Mr. Fenn says: As the time approaches for the silkworm to hatch out of the egg, the family move out of the house and camp under the trees, giving up the entire establishment to the worms, after having placed the eggs on shelves made of a reed like bamboo. At first the young worms are fed on finely chopped leaves, but as they grow larger the leaves need only be broken in two. The people have to feed and watch the worms night and day, or they wander in search of food and be lost; and in the silence of the night the sound of the worms feeding is like a gentle falling rain.

The worms fast three or four times during this period, and about twenty-four hours is the length of each fast. A curious feature about their fast is their posture; they assume the attitude of a cobra snake about to strike, and remain rigidly fixed in that position for the entire period. When they are ready to spin, small branches are placed on the shelves, and as the cocoons are formed upon them the dead twigs seem to bear golden fruit. When the worms get through that part of the business the neighbors are called in—something as to an old-fashioned New England apple-paring bee. They call it "qtaf" in Arabic—that is "picking;" and soon you see piles of pale-green, pure white and golden-yellow cocoons heaped upon the floor. Later they may be spun into hanks; but usually the cocoons are sent down the mountains to Tripoli or Damascus, and after their thirty or forty days of toil, they too often have to sell the produce for next to nothing, as the Chinese are always ready to undersell them.

Another curious use Mr. Silkworm is put to is to soak him in vinegar for some hours, after which he is drawn out into so-called "catgut" to make snells or leaders for fishhooks.

Railroad Hospitals.

The Southern Railway is to erect a chain of hospitals at many points on its system for the care of those injured in its service. A strong point that has been urged in favor of the railroad hospital is to the effect that it will lessen the number of damage suits. When a person is hurt he or she will be carried immediately to the nearest hospital, and given the best of attention at the expense of the road. In this way many of the damage suits will be warded off, and those who do manage to get a verdict will receive a much less sum. Railroad hospitals for the purpose outlined are no new thing. The Plant System—and, in fact, most all the great systems throughout the country—have erected such institutions, and from all information the systems have saved many dollars, and at the same time given more efficient service to the injured.
--Atlanta Constitution.

Squeezed by Sun and Moon.

A very curious observation was made by Doctor Nansen during his adventurous journey toward the North Pole concerning the effects of the tides on the floating ice. The worst pressures experienced by his ship, the Fram, when enclosed in ice (except those due to high winds), occurred regularly about the time of new and full moon, the greatest being at new moon. The reason was because the tidal currents near the margin of the polar ice-fields drive the floating ice before them, and at new and full moon the tidal attraction of the sun is added to that of the moon, so that they may be said to pull together, and the effect on the sea is increased.

A Balloon Railroad.

During the summer a new kind of mountain railway is to be tried in Germany. The motive power is to be furnished by a balloon attached by cable to a rail running up the face of the Hohenstaufen Mountain, near Reichenhall, which attains a height of about 6000 feet. The excursionists will ride in a small car running on rails, and drawn by the upward pull of the balloon.

A RELIC OF THE AZTECS

VALUABLE FIND MADE IN IOWA.

Chicago Inter Ocean: A birch-bark manuscript, now being examined by the authorities of the Smithsonian institute at Washington, is likely to change the entire theory as to the origin, so far as America is concerned, of the Aztecs, held to be the original inhabitants of Mexico. Prof. Warren K. Moorehead, archeologist of the Ohio state university, and a man famous for being versed in Aztec lore and knowledge, makes in this article the first accurate statement and the only one regarding the manuscript, which was discovered by a workman in Fairfield, Iowa.

Despite his learning regarding the hieroglyphics in which the Aztecs transmitted their history from generation to generation, Prof. Moorehead has been unable to decipher satisfactorily the inscription upon the birch bark. For this reason he forwarded the manuscript to the Smithsonian institution. The results of the examination by the experts there will be far more important than might be thought at first consideration. Unquestionably it is the first genuine Aztec manuscript ever unearthed within the borders of the United States.

Prof. Moorehead says, over his own signature, there is small doubt of its genuineness. It has long been held that the Aztecs inhabited certain portions of this country as early as, if not before, their advent to Mexico. This find and the ancient appearance of the hieroglyphics, as compared with those even many centuries old, seem to give strong color to the belief regarding the United States. Prof. Moorehead states succinctly in the following, which is from his own pen, the status of the find from an archeological standpoint:

"To the Editor: The Ohio State Archeological and Historical society of Columbus received, early in February, a most remarkable relic. On Sept. 2, 1896, a laboring man of Fairfield, Iowa, while excavating for the water works, brought to light what was apparently a chunk of wood, except that its surface was encased with a coating of pitch. The object was found about three feet below the surface. Its dimensions are something over a foot in length, by eight inches, and five or six inches thick. Out of curiosity the workman struck it a blow with a pick, causing it to split open, revealing a space in the center, in which lay a roll of birch bark, covered on one side with strange hieroglyphics.

"The workman was intelligent enough to know that the find was of some value and taking it to his home carefully spread out the manuscript and encased it between glass in a frame. The matter was brought to the attention of Miss Emma Clark of Fairfield, who had heard of the museum at Columbus, and she wrote there, describing the find in all its details. I concluded that the find was certainly worth examining and persuaded Miss Clark to send the wooden receptacle and manuscript for my inspection.

"The bark is extremely thin, and its natural color is well preserved. This is due to the fact that it was sealed almost airtight. The edges are torn and broken and there is every evidence that a part of it is missing. I had further excavations made, but there were no more fragments or relics of any description, and the workman positively asserted that the manuscript was found in the box in a fragmentary condition and that he had sealed between glass all that he had found of it.

"The wood is of oak and shows marks on the end of having been rudely hewn with stone axes. With the manuscript were received letters from prominent citizens, certifying as to the character of the workman. A letter from the editor of the Ledger, the county paper published at Fairfield, states 'Griffith is a laboring man of about average intelligence and information, and would have neither the ability nor the knowledge to mislead anybody as to the circumstances. Nor is there any practical joker in this vicinity who would have the knowledge to execute a plan like this and keep quiet about it. Nor has there been interest sufficient in matters of this kind in the community to furnish such people basis for work.'

"A tree some fifty or sixty years old grew directly over the spot, the hollow log or wood being found under its roots. The gum or wax which not only fastened the pieces together, but made the receptacle practically water and airtight, had been evenly distributed by turning the block over a fire. This was plain, because the block was not only covered with soot, but was also slightly charred. The characters are written in red, evidently the juice of some plant. The work is neat.

"After a careful examination I decided that I could not read the characters, and, furthermore, that no one could read them, that a great deal had been published on Aztec and Maya manuscripts, but that no one could translate them, and that one-half the archaeologists who claimed to read them gave different translations of the same manuscript. The characters are manifestly Aztec or Maya and were made, I think, by some of the highly cultured tribes of Mexico or Yucatan.

"A party, for some unknown reason, set out north, carrying this little box, and, on account of a decrease in strength, either through sickness or war, buried the manuscript at the point where it was found. It is not at all probable that the whole thing is a hoax, for if it were a 'fake' we must account for the knowledge on the part of the workman who found it of Aztec and Maya glyphs, which is not in the least probable. There are very few men in this country who know anything about these hieroglyphics, and it would be impossible for any one in Fairfield to make them unless he had a work at hand containing plates of the Maya hieroglyphics. There are only a few such books in existence, and they are very high priced.

"The characters are not Indian. For instance, take the grotesque human figure, shown in the middle section, around which is the sun symbol. The sun symbol, with the character in the left-hand upper corner of this middle piece, and all the characters in the upper piece, are very like those upon the tablets of Central American ruins, and to the four manuscripts or books preserved in the European museums. Combinations of straight lines and dots are strong proof of the Southern origin of the manuscript. There have been several fraudulent sculptured stones found in the United States, but they are all totally different from this and do not appear aboriginal either in concept or execution.

"—Warren K. Moorehead.

"Curator Department of Archaeology, Ohio State University."

The most generally accepted belief concerning the Aztecs has been that they came from some portion of Asia. It is supposed they made their advent into Mexico about the year 1130, for, from that time, or soon after, their history seems to have been interwoven with that of the Toltecs, a race of people who seem to have left records of history before the Aztecs began to make evidence of theirs, although the latter are declared by archaeologists to have antedated the Toltecs in point of residence in Mexico.

Owing to the indefiniteness which has enshrouded the origin of this remarkable people, there has been any amount of discussion and controversy among scientists learned in archaeology as to the origin of the Aztecs. While the belief previously stated, that this race had its birth in Asia, was widely cherished, there were many who differed from the statement that it was immediately from Asia that the Aztecs came who settled Mexico. These scientists held that no matter where this people came from in the first place, they had, previous to entering the borders of Mexico, found residence in other portions of the North American continent.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

GOOD READING FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Two Little Editors in Chicago—A New Game for Home Amusement—Ducks on Summer Vacation—The General Observation.

VIL, every living hour,
Holds us in its wilful hand,
Save as thou, essential Power,
May'st be gracious to withstand:
Pain within the subtle flesh;
Heavy lids that cannot close,
Hearts that hope will not refresh,—
Hand of healing! interpose.

Tyranny's strong breath is tainting
Nature's sweet and vivid air,
Nations silently are fainting,
Or up-gather in despair:
Not to those distracted wills
Trust the judgment of their woes;
While the cup of anguish fills,
Arm of Justice! interpose.

Pleasures night and day are hovering
Round their prey of weary hours,
Weakness and unrest discovering
In the best of human powers:
Ere the fond delusions tire,
Ere envenom'd passion grows
From the root of vain desire,—
Mind of Wisdom! interpose.

Now no more in tuneful motion
Life with love and duty glides,
Reason's meteor-lighted ocean
Bears us down its mazy tides;
Head is clear and hand is strong,
But our heart no haven knows;
Sun of Truth! the night is long,—
Let thy radiance interpose.

Two Little Editors.

Once In A While is the name of a little paper published in Hyde Park, says a writer in the Chicago Record. Roy D. and Phil F. Hawley are its editors and publishers, and the paper is now in its second year.

The Brothers Hawley live at 5845 Madison avenue, where the paper is issued from forms 7½ by 5½ inches. Volume 1, No. 1, numbered only twenty-one copies, but the paid circulation is now more than 100. Once In A While ordinarily has six pages, and, while it is issued "semi-occasionally," its editors, nevertheless, got out an extra on the birth of a baby at their home some time ago. The two boys are editors, publishers, business managers, compositors and pressmen for the paper.

In the Christmas number of the paper was an article on Maj. McKinley, who is now president of the United States. A copy was sent to him at Canton, O., and he acknowledged its receipt through his private secretary. But there is another Once In A While published in Chicago, and the other paper got the acknowledgment and printed it, not knowing that it had not been intended for its publisher. This letter read:

"Canton, O., Jan. 8, 1897.—Mr. Roy D. Hawley, Editor of Once In A While, Chicago, Ill.—My Dear Sir: I am directed by Maj. McKinley to thank you for the Christmas number of your paper, Once In A While. Yours very truly, JAMES BOYLE,
"Private Secretary."

The photograph from which the pictures of the Hawley brothers were drawn is "home-made." Roy Hawley is 15 years old, and attends the Hyde Park school; Phil is 13 years old, and is a pupil of the Ray school.

A New Game.

Bring up your chairs and try a game of "Waterloo.' Cut out the diagram published below and paste it firmly to a stiff piece of cardboard—or play on it as it is. The game, which has been invented for our boys and girls, is exceedingly simple, but when you have learned it you find it much more interesting than backgammon or checkers. If any of you are to give an evening entertainment and don't know just how to amuse your friends, try "Waterloo." It may also be played progressively, two at each board.

To play the game cut from cardboard twelve small squares, six white and six colored.

The player using the white pieces, or men, places them on one of the end rows, as 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6. The opponent's men are placed on 38, 39, 40, 41, 42 and 43. Call these two rows the camp rows.

The object of the game is for each player to try to get all his men into his opponent's camp row. The one who first does this wins. Observe the following rules:

Move only one space at a time (i. e., from one circle to another), except in case of a jump.

Always move forward, never backward, on either the diagonal or the straight lines. Thus, a man on circle 4 in passing to the opposite camp row may move to 8 or 9, but not back from 8 or 9 to 4. Having reached 9, the next move may be to either 13, 14 or 17.

Jumps are made as in checkers, except that the pieces jumped are not taken from the board. When possible, two or more pieces may be jumped at the same time, as in checkers.

No jump can be made around an angle, as from 14 to 21—the pieces jumped must lie in a straight line. A player must jump when there is a chance.

A study of this game will bring out some very interesting problems.

Ducks on Their Summer Vacation.

Almost any bright day at this time of year, if you watch the sky closely, you will see faint V-shaped objects going northward, high up in air. If you live in the country, where everything is still, perhaps you can also hear a distant "quack, quack." For the V-shaped object is a flock of wild geese or ducks flying to their summer homes. The point of the V is always led by an experienced old gander. Sometimes one or two of the flock become separated from the rest when they alight, as they often do, on a mill pond or a stream. Then they become bewildered and fly around over the ground, making a great outcry. This is always looked on as a sign of a storm.

Usually these flocks follow up some river—the Mississippi or the Illinois—and occasionally they drop down into a pond or stream to rest and feed. Here is where the sportsman watches for them.

Playing the Game of Observation.

One of the jolliest of jolly games goes by the name of "Observation."

Take every one of the party into another room, says the Jenness Miller Monthly, let them look around and then go out. Afterward give each person a pencil and paper and ask him to tell what time it was by the clock, how many colors there are in the carpet, how many pictures there are in the room (the one he went into for a few minutes), where the chairs stood, how the curtains were draped and all sorts of things of this nature. In the beginning of this game you must not tell the boys and girls why they are allowed to go into the other room; the game, you see, is to test their powers of observation—that is, to find out how much they notice, how keen their attention is, and so on. If at first not a single one can remember any of the things he is asked to tell, you need not be very much surprised. A good many grown-up people can look all around a room and not be able to tell what they saw when asked. It is a very good thing in this world to keep your eyes open and learn by observation—that is, by seeing—and this observation game is a first-rate lesson and a lot of fun at the same time.

On an Old-Time Railroad.

Years ago railroad travel wasn't as well developed as it is today. A passenger on the old Peninsula railroad, between Battle Creek and Lansing, Mich., tells of a ride he took many years ago. Not only was the road rough and dangerous, but, after going for some time at a snail's pace, the train stopped suddenly in the midst of a deep forest. For half an hour the engine puffed energetically, but the train did not start. At last the passengers grew discouraged and got off to see what the matter was. They found that the fireman had run out of fuel, having used his last stick of wood. Accordingly the trainmen and passengers went off into the woods, picked up fallen limbs and logs, dragged them up to the track and loaded them into the tender. At last the fireman got up steam enough to blow the whistle; the passengers climbed aboard and the train started. In a few minutes, however, it stopped again. Two of the leaders of the wood crusade went out and found several cows lying on the track in front of the engine. They helped the brakeman drive them off and then the train started again, finally pulling into Lansing safe and sound. Not much like railroad traveling today, was it?

With the Speed of Lightning.

Ten thousand miles in less than a minute—how is that for swiftness?

Not long ago the editor of a newspaper in Chile wished to find out just how long it would take for a telegram to go from London, England, to Valparaiso, Chile. Accordingly, arrangements were made with the telegraph and cable companies to keep open the wires. Ten minutes before the message was to be sent the wires were cleared along the entire distance and all the ordinary communications through the cables were suspended. At the given astronomical time the dispatch was sent from London to Carcavellos, whence it was transferred through a submarine cable to Pernambuco, and from there the Brazilian coast cable conducted the message to Buenos Ayres, where it was dispatched over the South American transcontinental telegraph line, arriving at Valparaiso fifty-five seconds after leaving the London office, although the distance it had to travel in this short space of time amounted to almost 10,000 miles, and the eight words of the message had to be repeated four times.

Get out your geographies and see if you can follow out the route taken by this message.

Lawsuits in Borneo.

When the Dyaks of Borneo have to decide between two disputants, they give to each the same sized lump of salt. These lumps are dropped into water, and he whose lump is dissolved first is to be decided in the wrong. Or they put two live shellfish on a plate—one for each litigant—and squeeze lime juice over them. The verdict is given according to which man's fish stirs first. An English traveler remarks gravely that the result is sometimes as accurate as the judgment of civilized courts.

Mean Hopes and Cheap Pleasures.

"Deliver us from mean hopes and from cheap pleasures." The words are a part of a prayer written by Robert Louis Stevenson to be read at family worship in his household at Samoa. They suggest a lesson that life teaches to men of any creed. Between the mean hope and the cheap pleasure come the beginning and the end of every form of sin.—Youth's Companion.

The present fashion in house furnishings in England is a revival of early Victorian styles. Cut glass chandeliers, French gilt furniture, old harps and spinets are very much in vogue.

CRYSTALLIZED DELICACIES.

A Popular and Profitable Mode of Preserving Fruits, Nuts, Etc.

Although the day of small fruits is not yet here, spring has arrived, and it is not too early to make plans for the best methods of preserving fruits for future use.

Small fruits have a great future before them, if candied, or perhaps a better way to state the case is that the thrifty housewife, who is not averse to turning an honest penny in a quiet way, has a future before her if she will thoroughly master the subject of crystallizing fruits.

They are in such demand at present for culinary and decorative purposes that their price has gone up almost higher than the proverbial kite, and the clever woman is going to take advantage of this fact. For 40 cents a pound, or less, crystallized fruits may be sold at a profit; $2, $3 and $4 per pound is the price in the shops. With a little advertising or canvassing among friends, a market could surely be found this season for all the small fruits one could find time to prepare. Cherries, strawberries, plums, currants, grapes, all are in demand; also crystallized rose petals, violet and orange blossoms and crystallized orange and lemon peel. The wise woman who thinks of trying her 'prentice hand at this work begins at once, say, with rose petals, if she lives near a florist, or orange and lemon peel.

At the beginning the subject of the varying degrees of sugar boiling is an important one to consider. In the first place, if the cook is very particular, she clarifies the sugar used; this is easily done by thoroughly beating up half the white of an egg in a pint of water, put in a copper kettle; then add five pounds of sugar, mixed with a pint of water. Heat gently, till scum rises, remove the kettle from the fire and skim, replace the kettle on the fire till the scum rises again, continue this process until the scum ceases to appear. For very bright effects, bone black is used in the proportion of one ounce to every pound of sugar, the syrup must be filtered, and re-filtered through a flannel bag until it becomes clear.

Now in regard to boiling sugar to make it crystallize, mix water with the sugar, in the ratio of one quart of water to a scant two pounds of sugar. Heat this to 215 degrees, this brings the syrup to such a state that if a little is drawn out between the thumb and finger it extends like a silken thread—from thence the technical term "small thread," at 230 deg. we have "large thread." Small thread is necessary for crystallizing purposes. The "ball" stage is reached at 240 deg.; then if dipped into ice water, rolled between thumb and finger, it forms into a marble-like lump without being sticky.

To make crystallized or glace cherries or strawberries, take one quart of the fruit, rather under than overripe, and drop the fruit, one by one, into sugar at the small thread stage; remove to an oiled slab to dry. If care is used in dipping them in and out the shape will be preserved.

In crystallizing violets, rose petals or orange blossoms the proportion is two ounces of flowers to each pound of sugar. Having removed stamens and pistils from the flowers spread the latter on paper and dry for several hours. Take syrup at small thread (the dish which holds it being placed in a bowl of ice water) and dip the petals or flowers in a few at a time, with a pair of wire tongs; take out and dry on oiled paper, afterwards sprinkling with pulverized sugar.

To crystallize French chestnuts or almonds press the boiled chestnuts quite flat without breaking them. Pour over them a thick syrup, put on the fire, but do not let them boil. When they look clear take them up and pour over them sugar boiled to the thread state and into which a little orange juice has been poured.

Grilled almonds are a delicacy for which a market is easily found, if they are well done Blanch one pound of almonds, dry in a hot place till brittle, then put in a saucepan one pound of sugar, one pint of water, boil five minutes, throw in the almonds, stir until the sugar adheres and the almonds turn yellow; take them up and slice or chop them, then put them in syrup till they are crystallized.

Lemon or orange peel every housekeeper likes to keep on hand for culinary purposes, and doubtless to be able to procure it freshly made would be a great boon. Before crystallizing the peel should be soaked some days in salt water, then thoroughly cleansed from the salt by putting in cold water, before dipping it in the syrup. Candied angelica root is a tonic and much in vogue at present served at dessert.

The most charming receptacles for ices are roses, lilies or tulips, made of sugar; these, too, could be added to the housewife's repertoire of sales. Have molds made either shaped like flowers, or baskets, or fruits. Boil sugar to the ball degree, add a few drops of acetic acid, work the sugar with the back part of the bowl of a silver tablespoon against the side of the sugar boiler, bringing it all up by turns, so that every portion may get a nice white appearance. When the sugar has been worked up to the "grain" state, pour it into the molds, and when it is firmly set place in the stove oven to dry at moderate heat. Afterward they may be painted in colors to imitate nature.

Gambling on Prayers.

Rev. Charles Niel, the chaplain of the California state senate, has endeared himself to the members by his short prayers, as he did to his congregation by his short sermons. When he first entered the senate chamber with his reputation for brevity Senator Vorheis modestly wagered Senator Denison a cigar that the chaplain would not waste a minute in prayer for such an irredeemable gang of politicians. Vorheis lost. The prayer lasted just a minute and ten seconds. The next morning the senator was anxious for revenge, so wagered Denison another cigar on the same proposition. The chaplain cut his prayer seven seconds. He knew the pastor's reputation, however, and observed that he had cut the prayer a little, so on reassembling the next morning he bet Denison another cigar and lost by the "Amen." So the betting went on, day after day and week after week, Vorheis winning about one bet in ten. The other evening Senator Vorheis met the divine on the street and asked him as a personal favor that he cut his prayer as short as possible the next morning, as he desired to call up an urgent measure. The chaplain readily assented.

"Bet you a basket of wine the prayer doesn't last five seconds," said Vorheis to Denison, as the president's gavel struck the desk.

"Take you," and both held their watches.

"May the Creator of all shower blessings on this body. Amen," was the prayer, and Denison lost by two seconds.

Willing to Bargain.

Washington Star: He was from the country and evidently unused to rapid transit. As the car stopped he cautiously extended his foot to dismount, but so deliberately that the car started before he completed his effort. This happened several times, and with each disappointment the look of anxiety on his face deepened.

"What do you want?" he inquired as the conductor touched him on the shoulder.

"Your fare. I want 5 cents for letting you ride on this car."

"Here's your nickel," was the reply. "And I don't say it ain't dirt cheap. It's more excitin' than the merry-go-round at a fair. But ye're givin' too much fer the money, mister. I paid 5 cents ter git on here, an' I done it willin'; but I don't mind sayin' thet I'll give ye a dollar an' a quarter ter let me off."

Cravats Are Ancient.

The cravat was once the name of a great military station. The Croats, or Cravates, of the Balkans. It was their fashion to wrap large shawls or pieces of cloth around their necks and shoulders. About the middle of the reign of Louis XIV. he uniformed several regiments in the Croat fashion, with huge shawls about their necks. The fashion took, and the shawl diminished in size to the slight strip of cloth we still have with us.

Cheap.

Puck: Daughter—Father, I wish to marry the count.

Father—But, from the reports I hear of the fellow he isn't worth much.

Daughter—Then, father, if he isn't worth much you certainly can afford to buy him for me!

ART OF KLEPTOMANIA

ALIENIST PAID DEARLY FOR INFORMATION.

Doctor's Patient Never Came Back—She Took Several Coins, Jewels, Vases and Other Valuable Antiquities With Her.

NOT so many moons ago there lived in Turin a physician noted far and wide as a specialist of brain diseases. Men and women from all ends of the earth came to him with their troubles and ailments, with lost memories, hallucinations and mental vagaries as varied as the materia medica or the penal code, says San Francisco Wave. Uniformly courteous and graceful of manner, he afforded them such assistance of consolation as his skill or sympathy prescribed and waxed rich and popular as his fame expanded. With the development of fortune, for his fees were in proportion to his prominence, he cultivated a pleasing taste for those precious relics of antiquity in which millionaires alone are privileged to indulge. He had in his library a collection of costly objects of art—invaluable coins, rare jewels, costly statuettes, inimitable trifles chased by the chisels of great artisans of antiquity. The fame of his treasures was loud in the world's ears with the note of his skill and among collections his was as great a name to conjure with as among alienists.

One day there came to the residence of Dr. A—— an American gentleman of dignified address and that stateliness of mien which is presumed to reflect lofty position and wealth. Admitted to the great man's office, the visitor introduced himself as a banker who had come all the way from Chicago to consult him about the condition of his wife.

At considerable length he explained her misfortune—she was a kleptomaniac. His life was a burden to him, following her from store to store, continually guarding her reputation against the encroachment of her fingers. Though it had cost him thousands his wife knew nothing, suspected nothing of her own weakness. Nor should she ever know if he could prevent it. To consult Dr. A—— they had come thousands of miles and on his skill and learning the hopes of the husband were pinned. The great physician asked a few questions and expressed deep interest in the case and demanded that the patient be brought to him.

"But she has no idea of all this!" exclaimed the husband, passionately. "If I brought her to consult you as a physician I fear she would suspect something and it would kill her. If you will permit it I'll take her to call on you as a collector of antiquities. She is deeply interested in ancient jewelry and the ostensible object of our visit will be to discuss archaeological remains. Do not be disconcerted, however, if during the interview you find her pilfering, slipping your relics and coins into her umbrella and pockets. That is the ailment and, of course, whatever she takes will be returned to you at once. My references are So-and-So, bankers." This with much dignity and the production of documents.

Dr. A——, much flattered, made the appointment and bowed his patient to the door. Next day the unhappy husband and a stylish and handsome young woman presented themselves at the physician's residence.

They were formally ushered into the library, where the gems of the great man's collection were enshrined. The conversation was turned at once on the objects of art and Dr. A——, with wonderful subtlety, conversed on antiquities while obtaining material for his diagnosis. He brought out his treasures — wonderful coins, with strange inscriptions, a bracelet of gold curiously wrought and inscribed, a silver statuette modeled by Benvenuto Cellini—historic rarities on which he discanted with much graceful learning. Every now and then the lady slipped into her pocket or dropped into her parasol a coin, a jewel, a vase, and as she did so her husband winked at Dr. A—— to draw attention to her theft. When the physician finally gave the signal that he had learned all he required she had accumulated the rarest of his possessions and yet prepared to depart with an inimitable assurance of manner.

"I'll be back within an hour," said the Chicago banker, "with those things my wife has taken. Poor, poor girl!" he burst out. "Doctor, my fortune, my life are yours if you can but cure her." He fled after his spouse, handkerchief in hand, and the alienist, with prospects of a big fee in his mind, returned to his patients.

Two hours passed, then three, then the interval lengthened to five. Dr. A——, rather alarmed, sent his servant to the American's hotel to save him the trouble of returning the missing jewels. The servant returned. No person of the name was stopping there. The police were called in, descriptions given, dectectives went forth. They identified the culprits, who had time to make their escape. They were London pickpockets, two thieves whose characters and depredations were notorious all over England.

ADVENTITIOUS ROOTS.

Some plants have not only roots running into the soil from the bottom of the trunk, but also roots running from the branches or from other roots first into the air and then into the soil. These latter roots are in some sort supplementary organs, made to aid the roots properly so called, and they take the place of the first roots when from any cause the latter are destroyed. In the case of wheat and in fact nearly all of the grass family the stem gives birth to new roots. In the tropical forests of America and Asia grows the vanilla, that plant so much sought after for its delicious flavoring properties. This plant is found twining round the trees like an aerial garland, its stem, long, elegant and flexible, a beautiful ornament of those solitudes. The subterranean roots of the vanilla are not able to supply it with the nourishment it needs, but nature has prepared a means of supplying the deficiency. This means is the growing of adventitious roots at every little interval along the main stem. These reach down and increase the supply of nourishment. Not all of these roots seek the ground, but some float in the air gathering moisture and gases which the plant freely uses. The above is an illustration of a vanilla plant growing in the glass gardens of plants at Paris.

A Definition.

Little Niece—"What is polygamy, aunty?" Aunt (Mrs. Malaprop)—"Polygamy is where men have an ad libertine privilege of marrying a pleurisy of wives, when they can't take care of one as she ought to be."—Pick-Me-Up.

Very Quick.

Mrs. Farmer—You say you are a sufferer from quick consumption? Weary Willie—Yes, lady; dese five-minute hand-outs is suthin' fierce.—New York Truth.

SHE DID LOOK NICE.

But That Was Not Why the Strange Man Spoke to Her.

Mrs. Jack is a charming southern woman who is very much in love with her husband, but matrimony has not blunted for her the feminine love of admiration, says Judge. She tod me a story about herself the other day and I shall repeat it in her own words: "You know we are country folks and I am not in the habit of dressing extravagantly. I prefer spending my money on horses and dogs and making our old place beautiful; so when Jack would ask me to go to New York with him I usually said: 'Honey, I haven't a thing to wear.' The old dear looked surprised each time and echoed: 'Not a thing?' I assured him of the fact, always, and then he would say resignedly: 'Then of course, you can't come, I suppose.' Well, this spring I happened to have a love of a gown, direct from Paris—gloves, hat, everything to match—and so when Jack suggested my taking the customary flying trip with him I assented eagerly. We stopped at a swell hotel and Jack left me to attend to business just after we arrived. I walked into the Moorish room, where there were a number of people, and knew that I looked nice, even if I was from the country. The consciousness of my pretty gown confused me, as well as the trying to look as if I had lived at the hotel for weeks, so I sat down on the first chair in my way. The seat was not very comfortable, but I saw a man staring at me, so settled myself and thought: 'Well, I do look nice, and that man evidently thinks so.' Then the man continued to stare and I decided to order a Paris gown each season. The next time I looked at the door that man had begun to move toward me, and I just knew he was going to be impertinent. As he came near I instinctively looked around wildly for Jack, drew myself up with dignity, and when he began, 'Madam,' I interrupted, 'Sir!' in a freezing tone. 'Madam,' he repeated gently but firmly, 'you are sitting on my hat.'"

THE CROW AND THE GOLFER.

A Saucy Bird Enjoys Teasing English Players.

A crow which haunts the Mid-Surrey links at Richmond is a bit of a humorist, says the London Golf. He has played such pranks with the golfers' ball that the subject has been discussed by the committee. He appears to hover in attendance on players who use nice new white balls, "Remades," or balls that have been played with before and on which the paint has chipped, receive none of his embarrassing attentions.

Recently two players were approaching one of the holes, one player using a new ball, the other a ball that had been played with before. On walking toward their balls the players were astonished to see the crow alight near them, examine first one ball and then the other, eventually rejecting the older ball and flying away with the new one. The crow took the ball over into some marshy ground beyond the boundary of the links, where the caddie, in hot pursuit, could not follow him. The bird dropped the ball for an instant, looked sideways with a merry twinkle in his eye, as much as to say: "Don't you wish you may get it?" picked up the ball again and, with offensive assurance, flew back over the heads of the players to his haunt in Kew gardens.

Rubber Soles for Shoes.

The new idea of rubber-soled shoes will prove a comfort to many women who have known the torture inflicted by the ordinary rubber shoe. The thought of having to stoop and remove an overshoe or suffer the penalty of painful feet need not disconcert them in the future. The rubber can be bought in large or small squares, and any weight desired. A shoemaker will cut the rubber over a pattern of the sole of the shoe and secure them by means of a glue prepared especially for this purpose. For winter this proves almost a luxury when worn on a heavy walking boot. This idea will prove beneficial particularly in spring weather, when rubbers are too warm and only the sole of the foot really requires protection. The foot will be in a much more healthy condition after having been shod in this way.

Meat for Ocean Liner.

A big ocean liner with 547 cabin passengers and a crew of 287, carries the following supply of meat for a single voyage from England to America: Twelve thousand five hundred and fifty pounds of fresh beef, 700 pounds of corned beef, 5,320 pounds of mutton, 850 pounds of fresh lamb, 350 pounds of veal and 350 pounds of pork.

Salvation to Serenade a Dying Woman.

While Sergeant-Major Brown lay dying of consumption in Oakland, Cal., the Salvation Army band was playing under her windows the tunes she knew and loved so well. Soon after the serenade she passed away.

Consolation.

Jones (frantically)—"I am simply ruined. I can't pay a dime on the dollar." Smith—"Don't cut up so, dear fellow. Just think how much better off you are than your creditors."—Pick-Me-Up.

Mahogany Roadways.

Paris is making the venture of laying down mahogany roadways. The Rue Lafayette has been pulled up and relaid with real Brazilian mahogany of a peculiarly fine texture and color.—Exchange.

GRANT AT THE TABLE

ATE LITTLE MEAT, BUT WAS FOND OF FRUIT.

The Sight of Rare Meat Destroyed His Appetite, and He Never Touched Anything That "Walked on Two Legs," Otherwise Not Particular.

GEN. HORACE PORTER gives many intimate and familiar pictures of Gen. Grant in his series of articles, "Campaigning with Grant," now running in the "Century." In the current number he says of Gen. Grant at the mess-table:

About the only meat he enjoyed was beef and this he could not eat unless it was so thoroughly well done that no appearance of blood could be seen. If blood appeared in any meat which came on the table, the sight of it seemed entirely to destroy his appetite. (This was the man whose enemies delighted in calling him a butcher.) He enjoyed oysters and fruit, but these could not be procured on an active campaign. He never ate mutton when he could obtain anything else, and fowl and game were abhorred. As he used to express it: "I never could eat anything that goes on two legs." Evidently he could never have been converted to cannibalism. He did not miss much by declining to eat the chickens which were picked up on a campaign, for they were usually tough enough to create the suspicion that they had been hatched from a hard-boiled egg, and were so impenetrable that an officer said of one of them that he could not even stick his fork through the gravy. The general was fonder of cucumbers than of anything else, and often made his entire meal upon a sliced cucumber and a cup of coffee. He always enjoyed corn, pork and beans, and buckwheat cakes. In fact, he seemed to be particularly fond of only the most indigestible dishes.

When any fruit could be procured, it was placed on the table by way of helping to ornament it, and afterward used as desert. Between the courses of the dinner the general would often reach over to the dish of fruit and pick out a berry or a cherry and eat it slowly. He used to do this in a sly way, like a child helping itself to some forbidden dish at the table, and afraid of being caught in the act. He said one day: "I suppose I ought not to eat a course out of its turn, but I take the greatest delight in picking out bits of fruit and eating them during a meal. One of the reasons I do not enjoy dining out as much as I do at home is because I am compelled to sit through a long list of courses, few of which I eat, and to resist the constant temptation to taste a little fruit in the meanwhile and help pass away the time." Napoleon was famous for eating out of the various dishes before him with his fingers. General Grant's use of the fingers never went beyond picking out small fruits. He was always refined in his manners at table, and no matter how great was the hurry, or what were the circumstances of the occasion, he never violated the requirements of true politeness.

He ate less than any man in the army; sometimes the amount of food taken did not seem enough to keep a bird alive, and his meals were frugal enough to satisfy the tastes of the most avowed anchorite. It so happened that no one in the mess had any inclination to drink wine or spirits at meals, and none was carried among the mess's supplies. The only beverage ever used at table besides tea and coffee was water, although on the march it was often taken from places which rendered it not the most palatable or healthful drinks. If a staff-officer wanted anything stronger, he would carry some commissary whisky in a canteen. Upon a few occasions, after a hard day's ride in stormy weather, the general joined the officers of the staff in taking a whisky toddy in the evening. He never offered liquor of any kind to visitors at headquarters. His hospitality consisted in inviting them to meals and to smoke cigars.

Paints His Wife in Stripes.

The Trenton, N. J., police are looking for Isaac Martin, whose wife charges that in a fit of jealous rage he tied her in bed, cut all her clothes into ribbons, painted her body with a mixture of iodine and acid, and marked her like a zebra. He then gathered his belongings and departed.

Looking in Vain.

A Tennessee man accidentally shot a dog, and in trying to explain to the owner it occurred accidentally shot him. In a further effort of illustration he accidentally shot the coroner, and is now out on bail trying to find somebody to whom he may explain the latter occurrence.

A Frenchman's Views.

A Frenchman recently visited this country, went home, and, as usual, wrote a book about us. Perhaps nothing in the book is more galling to the Bostonians than the Frenchman's story that one of the leading swells of Boston makes a good thing out of the business of sub-letting pews in three different churches.—Chicago Tribune.

The Queen signs herself to her sons and daughters-in-law, "Always your affectionate mother, V. R. I."

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* Daily. † Daily except Sunday.

J. A. MICHAEL, Agent.

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No 5	Daily	9:25 a m, for St. Louis.
No 21	Daily	1:44 p m, for St. Louis.
No 3	Ex. Sun	5:27 p m, for Terre Haute.
No 11	Daily	8:08 p m. for St. Louis.

FOR THE EAST.

No 6	Daily	4:30 a m, for Indianapolis
No 4	Daily Ex Sun	8:35 a m " "
No 12	Daily	12:15 Noon " "
No 20	Daily	1:44 p m, " "
No 8	Daily	3:13 p m, " "
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In effect Nov. 1, 1896.

GOING EAST.

No. 36*	to Cin., N. Y. & Boston	2.59 a. m
41	Indianapolis Flyer	9:10 a. m
8*	Indianapolis Acc'm.	4:09 p m
18*	Cin., N. Y. & Boston	7.21 p m

GOING WEST.

No. 35*	St. L. Night Limited	12.32 a. m
No. 9*	St. L. Acc'm	8:48 a. m
No. 11*	St. L. Day Limited	12.44 p. m
No. 51	Mattoon Limited	5.21 p. m

* Daily † Daily Except Sunday.

No. 2, connects at Indianapolis for Cincinnati and Michigan division. No. 4 connects with L. E. & W. and with trains for Peoria and Chicago.

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No. 5 "Mattoon Acc'm" at Paris with train south.

No. 8 at Indianapolis with train to Greensburg.

No. 9 at Paris for Cairo at Kansas with P. D. & E. north and south, at Mattoon with P D & E northwest and with I C north.

No. 11 at Paris with trains north, at Pana with B & O S W northwest and I C north and south, at Litchfield for Carrollton and Jacksonville, at St Louis diverging roads.

No. 18 "Knickerbocker" at Indianapolis for Cincinnati and runs through to New York and Boston.

No. 35 at Mattoon with I C south, P D & E southeast, at St. Louis with diverging roads.

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Local and Personal.

What is Going on in Society. Local and General News.

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(Personals and society notes are solicited and will be inserted if writer's name and address is attached, not to be inserted, but as an evidence of good faith. None but truthful items are desired.)

E. Grantham is in Roachdale.

Company I drills this evening.

Albert Daggy is in Richmond.

Geo. W. Black is in Indianapolis.

Common council will meet this evening.

Mrs. Mary Wright was in Brazil today.

Reese Matson returned to Cedar Lake last night.

J. Sudranski went to Indianapolis this morning.

A. J. Wilson and daughter visited in Hadley today.

Dr. Bence was in Terre Haute on business today.

Drs. Peacock, of Ladoga, were in the city yesterday.

Born to Hermann Hoffman and wife, April 27, a daughter.

Mrs. Chas. Landes and daughter, Miss Hallie, went to Indianapolis this morning.

Mrs. H. S. Renick, Miss Jennie Moore, Mrs. Chittenden, Mrs. Belnap and Mrs. John spent the day in Indianapolis.

The "Willing Light Bearers" will meet Wednesday the 28th, at 4 o'clock p. m., at the home of Mrs. Chas. Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. Roger Burlingame left Sunday night for San Francisco, Cal., where they will make their future home.

The congregation of the Presbyterian church will give a social Wednesday evening at the residence of Dr. and Mrs. Evans.

Auditor J. T. Owens, of the Arthur Jordan poultry house, was here yesterday looking over the books of the local agency.

Arch Allen, of Bainbridge, was in town today.

Mrs. J. L. Randel has gone to Indianapolis to remain a week.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Maxwell have returned from New Albany.

Miss Emma Beckwith is at home from an extended visit in Bloomington.

Frank McCammack was fined twelve dollars by the mayor this morning for intoxication.

Mrs. Sarah Hawkins has moved from 203 east Washington street to number 619 on the same street.

Dr. M. T. Case returned to his home in Attica after a short visit with his daughter, Miss Jessie Case.

A. B. Phillips will move from his presidence to Mrs. Gobin's property on south Vine street this week.

Mrs. Albert Allen was called to Remington last night by a telegram which announced the serious illness of Mrs. M. A. Lindsay.

Today's fair weather is no doubt caused by the bran new flags that float on H. S. Renick's store. He received an entire new set last night, with the compliments of Uncle Sam

The Chicago *Times Herald* will tomorrow run a special train from Chicago to Nashville, Tenn., at a rate exceeding a mile a minute. It will pass through Terre Haute at 6:45 a. m., and will reach Nashville before noon. The train men promise to break all records.

The Whist club met Monday evening with Miss Flora Matthias. The prizes were awarded Mrs. Ida Wrenn and Dr. O. F. Overstreet. The meeting was a pleasant one and was the last of the regular season which has been thoroughly enjoyable from the beginning.

Sheriff Hinson arrested William Petitt Saturday evening and Deputy Sheriff Clint Elmore took him to Greencastle where he is wanted for grand larceny. He was arrested at his mother's home, near the Johnson county line. He lived on the Nutter farm, north of town, all winter.—*Martinsville Reporter.*

In circuit court Monday afternoon a jury heard the assault and battery case against Henry Ricks who was indicted by the grand jury for an alleged assault on John V. Cook. The jury disagreed and the case went over. As there is more or less politics in the case there will probably be nothing ever come of it in the future.

The case of petit larceny against Benjamin Nichols and John McGowan was called in circuit court Monday afternoon. The judge gave the defendants a strong lecture telling them that he would keep an eye on them and if charged again with a crime that he would give them the limit of the law He then discharged the men.

The Woman's League of College Avenue church will meet Wednesday afternoon at 2:30, in the room newly fitted up by this organization. All members of the congregation are invited. Mrs. John Dunbar will read a paper entitled "A Long Life," and Mrs. H. C. McIntosh will furnish special music. Important business will be considered.

Mrs. Ellen Lawrence Modesitt, aged 78, a former resident of this city and one of the most widely known residents of this county, died Saturday at the home of her nephew, Mason Duncan, at Cloverdale. She was a relative of President Franklin Pierce and came of an old New England stock. Before her marriage she was organist in the Congregational church.—*Terre Haute Tribune.*

Miss Breneman entertained a fairly large audience in the Presbyterian church last evening. Her arrival in the city was unexpectedly delayed, causing a wait between the musical numbers and her appearance upon the platform, which was somewhat detrimental to the enjoyment of the program which followed. Miss Breneman demonstrated her ability in elocution beyond doubt. A few of the selections were slightly heavy for her voice, but on the whole her efforts were well enjoyed by her hearers.

The big Schenectady engine No. 30, on the Vandalia, has eclipsed all former runs made with a passenger train between Terre Haute and Indianapolis. There were on Sunday eight cars in the train, including three Pullmans, and the train was hauled the seventy-three miles in ninety-two minutes, making stops at Brazil, Greencastle Junction and at Greencastle, time to be deducted from the ninety-two minutes. The train was in charge of Benjamin Dunn, and Pat Dailey was the engineer, and it was the fastest time ever made with a regular train between Terre Haute and Indianapolis.

The funeral of Prof. G. W. Lee occurred this morning in the College Avenue church. A large crowd was in attendance, among them being many school children, in addition to the teachers and trustees. The pall bearers were Dr. H. A. Gobin, Prof. R. A. Ogg, Major Dunbar, Alvah Brockway, Alpheus Birch and Col. C. C. Matson. The remains arrived at 9:10 from the west and were accompained by Mrs. Lee and her two sons, A. J. Lee, of Toledo, Ill., Wm. M. Lee, of Terre Haute, Mrs. Shrewbury, of Toledo, Ill., Mrs. Courtney and Mrs. Matlock, of Danville Ind.

Pete Stoner went to Brazil this afternoon.

C. C. Matson went to Bedford this afternoon.

Mrs. Antony Mull is reported to be seriously ill.

Mrs. S. A. Hays is in Indianapolis this afternoon.

Will Harris is in the southern part of the state on business.

Louis Steeg's mother has returned to her home in Limedale.

Houck & Houck shipped three cars of hogs and one of cattle today.

Mrs. America Sims, of Mt. Meridian, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Gibbons.

Miss Rebecca Hanna has gone to Indianapolis this afternoon for a few days visit.

In the circuit court today a jury heard the case against Hurley and Hurley the chicken theives arrested at Brazil, for thefts made in this county. The evidence was of a direct nature and the jury was not long in making up its mind that the men were guilty. They returned a verdict to that effect and found that the elder Hurley was twenty-four years of age and the boy eighteen years. Theirs is the first conviction under the new law and they will be sentenced tomorrow to terms in the State Reformatory at Jeffersonville. The judge will give the sliding sentence as required by the law, which will be from one to three years. The exact length of the sentence will depend on the good behavior of the men.

F. D. Ader went to Bainbridge at noon.

Gentlemen's Literary Club.

The Gentlemen's Literary club met last evening at the residence of Albert Allen. A. O. Lockridge's paper on "The Ethics of Dives and Lazarus" proved to be a very interesting production, abounding with quaint and original ideas. The discussion following was equally good. The next meeting will occur at the residence of Mayor Jonathan Birch.

Thirtieth Anniversary.

The thirtieth anniversary of the marriage of Charles and Lillie Coffman was celebrated on April 23d at their home one and one-half mile east of Carpentersville. Chas. Coffman is the son of Albert and and Mary Coffman and was born Feb. 12 1847. Mrs. Coffman is the daughter of Henry Gibson of Clark county, Ky., and was born Jan. 20, 1847. After their marriage they first located near Mt. Pleasant church but moved to their present home in 1879. As a result of this marriage seven children have come to bless their home, all of whom were present at the celebration. At noon about forty-five of their relatives and friends sat down to the dinner which had been prepared for the occasion. Mr and Mrs. Coffman received two very handsome chairs from their children as a memento of the occasion. Late in the afternoon the friends departed wishing Mr. and Mrs. Coffman many years of prosperity and happiness.

Others have found health, vigor and vitality in Hood's Sarsaparilla, and it surely has power to help you also. Why not try it?

The Dress Rehearsal and Grandpa's Birthday will be given Tuesday evening, May 4, at the opera house. Come and have a good laugh. 70 persons take part. Reserved seats on sale Saturday morning nine o'clock at Hopwood's book store, 35 cents. Admission 25, gallery 15. d1&w1

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away. If you want to quit tobacco using easily and forever, be made well, strong, magnetic, full of new life and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. Many gain ten pounds in ten days. Over 400,000 cured. Buy No-To-Bac of your druggist, under guarantee to cure, 50c or $1.00. Booklet and sample mailed free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

To Cure a Cold in One Day. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c. 208tD.

Wright's Celery Tea cures constipation, sick headaches. 25c at druggists.

B. Y. P. U. Convention,

Chattanooga, Tenn., July 15th and 18th. For the Baptist Young People's Union of America to its annual convention the Big Four route will name rate of one fare for round trip from all points on its system. From the East through trains run to Cincinnati, making direct connection with the Q. & C. route and the L. & N. Ry., in Central Union depot. From the North a choice of routes is offered via Cincinnati or Louisville. For rates, routes, and full information call on any representative of the Big Four route.

Subscriptions for any magazine or paper taken at this office. We will save you money tf

Country Local News.

Interesting Items from Principal Points of Putnam County.

BRICK CHAPEL.

Mr. Geo. Case and family of Ladoga, spent Sunday here with relatives and friends.

C. Y. Johnston hanied the telephone poles out Monday.

Mr. Boyd who lived in Mrs. Conkright's house, has moved away.

Somerset Sunday school is increasing in numbers and interest.

B. F. Neir of Needmore, is moving to his farm recently purchased of Mrs. Howard.

PUTNAMVILLE.

Elder McNutt preached at the Christian church Sabbath morning and evening.

Mrs. John Somers of Dudley, Ill., came over here on business Saturday and visited at R. H. Bowen's until Monday evening.

Mr. Jas. Swift and wife returned from the bottoms on Monday.

At this writing, Tuesday, we imagine we hear the wedding bells for tomorrow. Edward Warner and Nellie Wills—congratulations.

Mrs. Mann who has been quite sick for ten days, is some better.

Mr. Ed Day and wife visited his parents here last week.

Just try a 10c box of Cascarets, the finest liver and bowel regulator ever made.

Today's Local Markets.

[Furnished the DAILY BANNER TIMES daily by R. W. Allen, manager of Arthur Jordan's poultry house.]

Hens	5
Winter Chicks	7½
Spring ('97) Chicks	12
Cocks	2½
Turkey hens	6½
Turkey, toms	5½
Geese, full over	3
Ducks	6
Eggs, fresh subject to candling	6½
Butter, good	7

Y. P. S. C. E Convention.

San Francisco, July 7-12. On occasion of this great meeting the Big Four Route will name special low rates from all points on its system via Chicago, St. Louis or Peoria. The Big Four run through trains from New York, Boston, Buffalo, Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati, Indianapolis to St. Louis and Peoria; and from Cincinnati and Louisville to Chicago. Full information can be obtained on application to the nearest agent.

Epworth League Convention.

Toronto, Ont., July 14th to 18th. The "Big Four route" will name special low rates for this convention and calls attention to superiority of its line from St. Louis, Peoria, Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Dayton, Springfield, Columbus, via Cleveland, Buffalo and Niagara Falls to Toronto, or via Toledo and Detroit. Apply for full particulars.

For Sale Bills and Posters.
The BANNER TIMES

More Than Estimated.

Pryer—I notice that young Frayman is still paying his attentions to the daughter of old Senator Coffers. Dyer—I believe he still persists in that direction. Pryer—I'm told he's a relative of hers—a cousin twice removed. Dyer—Twice! Say, the old man told me himself that he'd removed him seven times already, and if he has to do it again it will probably be to a cemetery.—Boston Courier.

Depth of the Atlantic.

The depth of the Atlantic between the Canary Islands and the West Indies is something awful. A pretty level bottom runs right away from the African islands to the American ones, gradually deepening to nearly 19,000 feet. At this spot we might sink the highest point of the Alps and still have nearly half a mile of sea-water covering it.

Like a Woman.

"Oh, dear!" sighed the lady seal, looking out from the tank at the crowd. "How I wish I could be a woman and could wear one of those lively linen waists, instead of this fur!"—Indianapolis Journal.

The Hungry Fisherman

When you go fishing have your Lunch put up at the Bon Ton. It will prove a consolation in time.
We furnish and serve refrshments for—
WEDDINGS, PICNICS
BANQUETS ETC.

H. D. Graham & Co.

ANCHOR WHITE LEAD WORKS GOSHORN BRO'S CINCINNATI, O.

GOSHORN WHITE LEAD CO. CINCINNATI PURE WHITE LEAD

IGNORANCE in regard to paint materials or painting would seem in this age to be inexcusable, when full information can be had free. If interested, it will pay to get pamphlet and color cards, also twelve pictures of houses painted in different shades or combinations of colors, free. Send your address.

NATIONAL LEAD CO., CINCINNATI BRANCH,
Cor. 7th St. and Freeman Ave., Cincinnati, O.

—JAMES M. HURLEY.—
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—BARGAINS IN REAL ESTATE—
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but have sold direct to the consumer for 24 years, at wholesale prices, saving them the dealers' profits. Ship anywhere for examination before sale. Everything warranted. 100 styles of Carriages, 90 styles of Harness. Top Buggies as low as $35. Phaetons as low as $55. Spring Wagons, Road Wagons, etc. Send for large, free Catalogue.

No. 3715. Surrey Harness—Price $15.00. As good as sells for $22.00.

No. 606. Surrey—Price with curtains, lamps, sun shade, apron and fenders, $60. As good as sells for $90.

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FOR THE BEST WORK AT REASONABLE PRICES CALL ON THE

BANNER TIMES ...JOB ROOMS

We Have the Best Facilities In the County.

PLACE A TRIAL ORDER WITH US.

M. J. BECKETT, PROPRIETOR.

GOOD NEWS.
DR. BALLENTINE

The Great Homeopath, has prepared and put on sale at W. W. Jones' Drug Store in Greencastle a full line of his true Homeopathic remedies; by means of which all afflicted people can cure themselves. Hence get his little book on "Home Cures" and heal thyself. If in doubt as to your disease, or the remedy needed, you are invited to counsel the Doctor free of Charge at his office in When block, Indianapolis.

The following are a few of his remedies and are sold at 25 cents each:

No. 46—Blood Purifier and Scrofula Cure.
No. 14—Cough and Cold Cure.
No. 38—Catarrh Cure (Constitutional.)
No. 79—Catarrh Tablets (Local.)
No. 20—Dyspepsia Cure.
No. 22—Female Disorder Cure.
No. 48—General Debility Cure.
No. 82—Heart Cure.
No. 56—Nerve Cure (Lost Vitality.)
No. 34—Pile Cure (Internal).
No. 72—Pile Ointment.
No. 30—Rheumatism Cure.
No. 49—Whooping Cough Cure.
No. 84—Kidney Cure.

THE BALLENTINE REMEDY CO.,
18 and 19 When Block
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Very Low Rates to the West and Northwest

On May 4 and 18, 1897, the Northwestern line (Chicago & Northwestern R'y) will sell Home Seekers' excursion tickets at exceptionally low rates to a large number of points in northern Wisconsin, Michigan, northwestern Iowa, western Minnesota, Nebraska, North Dakota, and South Dakota, including the famous Black Hills district. For full information apply to ticket agents of connecting lines, or address A. H. Waggener, T. P. A., 7 Jackson place, Indianapolis, Ind. 17-3t

Where Are You Going This Summer?

The charming summer resorts of Wisconsin and Michigan are reached by the North-western Line. Send for free copy of "Hints to Tourists," giving full information as to locations, hotels, boarding houses, etc., to A. H. Waggener, T. P. A., 7 Jackson Place, Indianapolis, Ind., or V. B. Kniskern, G. P. & T. A., Chicago & North-Western Railway, Chicago. 18-2t

The Sunshine State

Is the title of a generously illustrated pamphlet of sixteen pages in reference to South Dakota, the reading matter in which was written by an enthusiastic South Dakota lady—Mrs. Stella Hosmer Arnold—who has been a resident of the Sunshine State for over ten years. A copy will be mailed to the address of any farmer or farmer's wife, if sent at once to Robt. C. Jones, Traveling Passenger Agent, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway, 40 Carew Building, Cincinnati, O.

"Gee Whiz Boys"

You just ought to see those Boy's, Youth's and Little Gent's nice Shoes at Louis & Hays' Store. They are the best quality and in the very latest styles and colors.

They are made just as nice as men's and very cheap.

W. W. TUCKER, M. D.

Physician & Surgeon.

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Vandalia Rates.

To Richmond Ind. May 10, 11th and 12th return limit 14th. Fare $2.20 account G. A. R. Department of Indiana.

Big Four Excursion.

To western and southern states May 4 and 18, return limit 21 days. One fare plus $2.

To points in southern states May 4 and 18, one way rate about half fare.

To Indianapolis May 17 and 18 return 19th, $1.20.

To Indianapolis May 24 and 25 return 27th, $1.20.

F. P. HUESTIS, Agent.

Iron Mountain Trains

All running on time. All trains from St. Louis running through to Memphis, Hot Springs and Texas points without delay. No inconvenience whatever being experienced by the high water. For pamphlet, rates and full information apply to

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